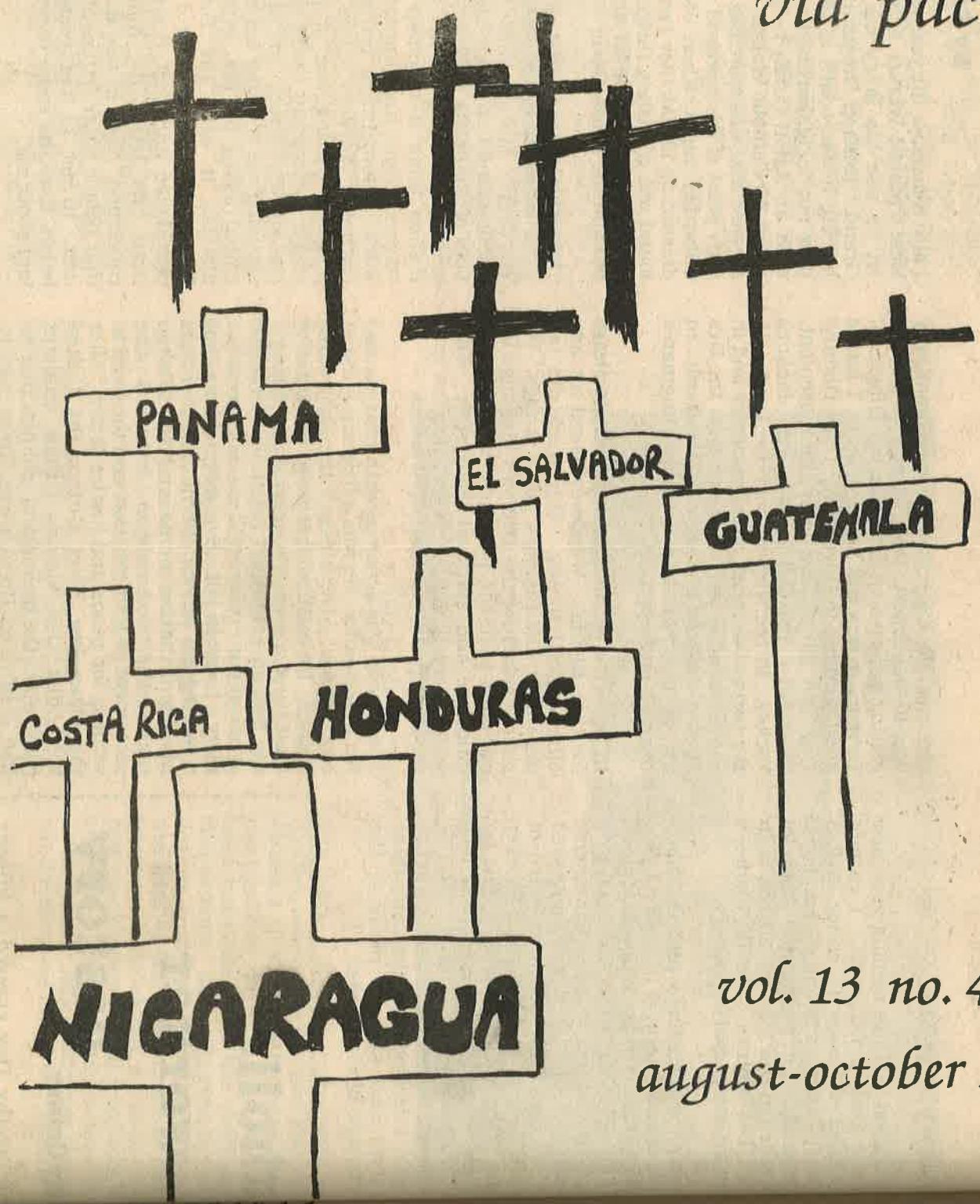


*via pacis*



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in the early hours of Saturday, Sept. 30 the 132nd tactical air wing of the Iowa Air National Guard will fly from Des Moines airport to Howard Air Force base in Panama. This "training" mission is undertaken on orders from the Pentagon and is not subject to approval by Gov. Terry Branstad or any other official or branch of the Iowa state government.

The longstanding practice of gubernatorial veto over Guard assignments, in accordance with their constitutionally defined role as STATE militia, was gutted by the October, 1986 Montgomery Amendment to section 672 title 10 of the United States code. The governor's consent requirement remains in the statute but now can be exercised only in certain instances such as the need for the Guard at home to handle emergencies etc. A governor may no longer veto a guard assignment on the basis of location, schedule, or the like.

Persons familiar with the highly visible, grassroots campaigns to stop Guard deployments to Central America in past years are justifiably suspicious of Congress's motivations in this matter. These campaigns had resulted in the governors of Maine, Massachusetts, Vermont, New Mexico, Washington, Kansas, New York, Arizona, and Texas placing restrictions on the movement of their Guards to Central America.

On Friday night, Sept. 29, an affinity group comprised of individuals from the Catholic Worker, Des Moines Pledge of Resistance, Iowa Peace Network, and Grinnell College, will take non-violent direct action at the main gate and on the runway of the Air National Guard base at the Airport.

It is apparent to all of us, as it most certainly was apparent to Rep. Montgomery and the U.S. Congress, that we have been stripped of a powerful vehicle to stop intervention in Central America, the greater accessibility of state government. However, this much power we retain: the power to see the actions of our government for what they are, the power to see to it that these actions are not carried out unopposed and that they are not carried out in our name.

The pretense of training is exactly that. These missions are merely an extension of decades-old US imperialism in Latin America. They are unconscionable.

Government statements on previous deployments to Central America strain credibility. In 1985 and 1986 we were told that Guard units from several states were going to Honduras to build a farm-to-market road from Jocón to Yoro (Blazing Trails I and II) in the North-central section of the country. The nascent guerrilla movements have their strongest support in this section of the country. Farming in this area is at the subsistence level. Even if there were farmers in that part of the country with crops to sell, the markets they would need to get to are in the opposite direction at La Ceiba, Trujillo, or Olanchito. There is an excellent road from the large U.S. naval base at La Ceiba to Jocón. The "farm-to-market" road in question conveniently links this road to the center of the country and the capital in Tegucigalpa.

In 1987 another detachment of Guard troops, this time from Florida, was sent to Honduras. Despite Washington's claims that troops would never be less than 87 miles from the Nicaraguan border, Witness for Peace volunteers in the area reported to the US media that Guardsmen had been seen alongside Honduran regulars in combat with Sandinista troops at the Honduran-Nicaraguan border.

There is danger here of becoming overly concerned with Honduras. Its location bordering Nicaragua and El Salvador makes it an area which even establishment sectors of our society recognize as sensitive and not suited to rash shows of force. However, deployments to Panama are no less provocative. Indeed, past missions have dovetailed nicely with interventionist

# NATIONAL GUARD ACTION

By Corey Hardin

policies. At the height of the controversy over Gen. Antonio Noriega, Guard units took part in "Operation Total Warrior," a month long exercise in amphibious assault in Panama, undertaken without the permission of Panamanian officials. The message sent to Noriega's government was not missed. It is highly probable that the strategic importance of Panama to imperialist aims precipitated the break with Noriega.

Noriega has long been associated with the CIA. It has been reported by former US ambassador to Panama William Jordan that Noriega was receiving up to \$200,000 a year from the CIA from 1974 to 1978. It has also been alleged, most recently by Gen. Noriega himself, that the CIA was responsible for his installation in power by its involvement in the mysterious death of former leader Gen. Omar Torrijos, who had discredited himself in US eyes by his support for the Sandinistas. Testimony before congressional committees indicates that Noriega allowed Panama to be used as an intelligence, training, and resupply base for the Contras. In turn the US overlooked his highly profitable dealings with drug smugglers. There is also evidence to suggest that some of this drug money went to the Contra cause. However, despite these favors Noriega also led Panama into the Contadora peace process and was apparently playing both ends against the middle with the CIA and the Cubans. The Reagan administration, fearing for its designs on the Canal and the substantial US military presence in Panama, began to lean on Noriega.

With the successful revolution of the Nicaraguan people and the growing strength of the FMLN in El Salvador, hopes for continued US hegemony in the region hinged on Panama and Honduras. Honduras began to receive increased amounts of US aid. In 1980 Honduras became second only to El Salvador as the largest recipient of US aid in the area. Technically "on loan", and therefore not included in the aid total, were 10 Huey helicopter gun ships, the type notorious throughout the campo of El Salvador. All of this for a country which was not at war.

Panama houses the US Southern Command (Southcom). Southcom functions as a center for coordination of US military and intelligence activities throughout Latin America. Ex-CIA case officer Phil Agee has reported that Southcom houses one of the CIA's regional support bases. Southcom also has responsibility for the supervision of military assistance programs, control of the extensive network of US bases, and it

serves as headquarters for the US special forces (Green Berets). The special forces, in conjunction with Southcom, have mobile training teams which have travelled to every Latin American country except Cuba, Haiti, and Mexico to provide intensive counter-insurgency training. A pattern begins to emerge. We continue to support a military government in Honduras and use that country in our efforts against the Nicaraguan revolution and to bolster the murderous regime in El Salvador. In Panama we oust Torrijos, install Noriega, then turn on Noriega in an effort to create a government which will both support US policies in the region and tolerate a massive US military presence in the Canal Zone. Panama and Honduras have been the principal host countries for National Guard units.

The use of an Air National Guard unit has particular significance in a region of low strength Air Forces. Outdated military and even re-outfitted civilian aircraft hold significant places in the history of US intervention. In Chile, the bombing of the National Palace by the Chilean air force, using obsolete, US-supplied planes, was decisive in the overthrow of President Salvador Allende. Jacobo Arbenz has cited the fear caused by a small, CIA-run, "airforce" as a deciding factor in his decision to resign and hand over the government of Guatemala to a US-backed successor. While the imbalance in air power is not so dramatic today, it can be fairly said that the Vietnam era Huey gunships are one of the single most devastating weapons in the arsenal of the Salvadoran government. A group of Corsairs such as those flown by the 132nd Air National Guard, used in Central America, would have an effect seriously disproportional to their age. The fact that the pilots of those planes are being familiarized with the area is scary indeed. In the words of Guard Lt. Col. Jerry Kline, "This is awfully good training. It's a shock when you go to some of these places, so it's good to get that behind you."

Once in Panama Guard units are under the command of Southcom. They can be, and have been, redeployed to anywhere else in the region. The use of the Guard units reinforces the reactionary presence of the US military; it increases the Pentagon's preparedness for direct involvement, and it spreads the sickness of militarism deeper into our own society.

## ACTION AT THE AIR NATIONAL GUARD BASE

At 10:00 PM about 30 people arrived at the Air National Guard base. Corey Hardin and Frank Cordaro then jumped the fence surrounding a storage area at the rear of the base and started to make their way to the runway with the intention of unfurling a banner and blocking the path of the planes. They were arrested by base security about 500 yards from their destination.

The remainder of the affinity group set up a blockade at the main gate which was successfully maintained until 1:00 AM when half of them (including Wendy Bobbitt) attempted to carry a letter, asking Guard members to follow their conscience and refuse orders to go to Central America, across the fence. They were immediately arrested. Carol Pilgrim and Kay Meyer stayed with the rest of the affinity group and maintained the presence at the gate until the planes took off at 7:00 AM.

# Around the House

As I start this article there is a light drizzle falling around the house and a noticeable lack of children's voices, though it is just before lunch. The 6:30 AM milk run is now before sunrise. All of which means that the summer is past and we can look forward to a few weeks of comfortable sweater weather before the onset of winter. The kids have started school. Jann, Kary, and Kenna are being homeschooled. Kay, with help from Carol, is managing it very well despite the periodic interference of the state mandated "certified teacher". Luke is now at Moulton Elementary for the full day, a fact which had to be explained to him by Wendy in concert with teacher and principal when he turned up back at home at noon a week ago. Longtime volunteer Carla Dawson is now an official community member, an overdue event since she has been carrying the same workload as everyone else for some time. Julius is attending Moulton for half-days, and Joshua has begun making motions indicating his desire to crawl on his own very soon.

The time since our last issue has been filled with many visits, over and above our usual guests. In early August we quite spontaneously held a DMCW reunion. Originally it was just to be a visit by longtime friend of the house Terri Smith and family. Shortly before their scheduled arrival Wendy received a phone call from former community members Carmen Trotta and Judith Reeh. To everyone's surprise they were convinced to come out for a visit. This prompted a phone call to Kari Fisher, also a former community member, and Jim Thorne in Omaha, who also came out. As everyone was hanging out in walked Donna Henderson on a surprise visit from Washington DC. A large barbecue with friends from all over Des Moines was held, and though I hid in my room the whole time to escape the crowds I'm told that a good time was had by all. Terri Smith et al stayed on for the Thirteenth Anniversary barbecue, graciously given by George Houk and friends from St. Pius. George has also promised us a furnace for Dingman house, which will no doubt be much appreciated by Wendy and Jim who have both moved in on the nearly complete first floor.

Work on Dingman House is progressing nicely, but has slowed somewhat due to the departure of Hazen Ordway to pursue his dream of living on a Catholic Worker farm. Hazen now lives and works in Peoria. His regular five hours a day at Dingman will be sorely missed. Also expecting to move soon is Patti McKee. Patti has recently returned from the Prisoner Awareness Walk, and is planning on moving into her own apartment in the next couple of weeks.

## NEEDS

### MONEY FOR TAXES (OVERDUE) AND WINTER BILLS

The rest is hardly worth mentioning by comparison with our financial straits, but just in case you have it on hand:

laundry soap  
cleaning supplies  
towels  
coffee and sugar

We also hope to find some volunteers who could spend time working on the new house so we can finish it before winter, and someone to spend time with the kids in the afternoon or early evening.

Many thanks for whatever help you can give!

The Oct. 7 HOUSING NOW! march is rapidly approaching and we hope to be able to take many of our friends from the neighborhood along with us to DC. More immediately, Kay, Corey, Carol, and Wendy are expecting a few hours of jail time for an upcoming action at the Air National Guard base (See article this issue).

We have a few new friends to welcome to our extended community. Thanks to Bethel Mission, the Food Bank and Dowling high school for regular food donations, and also to the Sisters of Humility for their recently renewed participation in our efforts and friends from Evangelical Covenant Church who brought supper recently. Folks from Zion Lutheran Church also deserve great thanks for taking time with all the kids this summer.

Finally, we are greatly pleased at the return of the Grinnell College students who are once again helping out for a few hours each Saturday.



## WE'RE BROKE! IT'S NO JOKE!

We decided to use our last remaining resources to put out this issue instead of paying our property taxes since we don't have enough to cover them anyway. Property taxes alone are 900 dollars, not to mention the rest of the bills. Please help!



Many thanks to Dean and Sue, Eric at ICAN and Dennis at Beacon MicroCenter for all the help getting this paper out and to Christian and Jackie for drawing the cover, which reproduces one of the banners they made for the National Guard action.

## MASS SCHEDULE

Fr. Frank Cordaro will be celebrating mass at the house on the following Fridays at 7:30 PM. All are invited -- please come early and stay late!

Oct 27  
Nov 10  
Dec 15

## norman where about's

Hello! Fall is coming, then winter. In them they bring cold weather and find myself thinking about the place we cannot who'll be freezing and trying to find addition to place to sleep. So again this year I will present it to ask people for blankets to pass to Catholic people who really would need them. A wide array to survive the cold weather. So I'm asking, Wendy for blankets for the Catholic Worker country the people that come to us for shelter all conduct move into apartments, and some live of people living on the streets.

I'm still asking people for bottles and money. I'm trying to raise some money for Christmas gifts to pass out on Christmas that there people and to raise money to get blankets as children to come to Iowa to visit the Washington state. She hasn't seen from my view almost five years. I told her that I do bad things to raise money to pay for her child. His life on trip. I plan on if things work out myself but was that I would like to try to raise more. His personal others like Sheryl whose child Pontius Pilate taken away because they're in jail for a hole affair. time. I also plan on someday open a house near Mitchellville for relatives of those in Mitchellville. The house has a big basement I would wanted to be open up somewhat of a church, a good church, that is if it's OK with the Bishop. see if I can find priests to do Mass. my years here now the house is just a dream. Well, "Alligator" ob is the evough, not try sometimes the person or g overwhelmed w the most de a of indifference, particu e instrument

Norman



# JIM'S REFLECTIONS ON THE WORKER

By Jim Harrington

It has been seven years since I joined the Catholic Worker staff for what was intended to be a six-month stint.

First let me say that those six years as a staff member and this past year as a support person have proved to be the most rewarding years of my life. This in spite of the problems and shortcomings that are part of daily life in a Catholic Worker community. In an individualistic, egocentric society, where looking out for number one has been paramount, there is something renewing about working with people whose ideal is to strive to be selfless and who, to the extent they are able, pattern their own simple lifestyles on the examples and lessons Christ gave us in His life. Surely not every Catholic Worker is committed to this in a meaningful way but many are and I would never want to be too far away from them.

As stated in each issue of *Via Pacis*, the Catholic Worker identifies itself as "a group of individuals living together in community and working together in pursuit of the common goals of peace and justice." That statement of purpose is clear and idealistic enough that it has helped keep me around for a long while, even through times when it seemed we were making no progress toward those ends.

There is a saying, "It is hard to remember that your mission is to drain the swamp when you are up to your neck in alligators."

In the sense that alligators are "bad" under certain conditions, we all have alligators in our lives that distract us from pursuing our higher ideals. In the Catholic Worker house and neighborhood it seems we have more than our share of "alligators" though they are more likely to show up as rats or moths.

Over the years, hundreds of people have been touched in a positive way by the presence of the Catholic Worker House, the attendant staff and the support community. It is always nice to be around when happiness, the joy of success and real love and goodness, as personified by the life of Christ, prevail.

But we cannot close our eyes to the fact that in addition to the forces of good, there is evil present in our lives and in society. At the Catholic Worker, staff is in contact with a wide array of people and personalities. Carol, Wendy and Catholic Workers all over the country have written of the search we must all conduct to see Christ's presence in the lives of people who are active as thieves, drug dealers, prostitutes, pimps, or others who exploit or who are indifferent to its happening. We all share the belief that each person has a God given dignity and worth and that there is an innate goodness in mankind as creatures of God.

From my view, Christ is present in people who do bad things but He is not there alone. In His life on earth, Christ was goodness itself but was constantly surrounded by evil. His persecutors finally crucified Him as Pontius Pilate washed his hands of the whole affair.

Sometimes "evil" is described as this absence of good. It wasn't that Pilate wanted to be "evil," he just didn't try hard to be good.

In my years here, it seems that the nastiest "alligator" obstructing Catholic Worker goals is the evil of indifference, not caring enough, not trying hard enough to do good. Sometimes this will show up in a staff person or guests who have become overwhelmed with their problems. But by far the most devastating appearance of the evil of indifference comes from the broader society, particularly as it is represented by the instrument of government.

Let me give but one example of the evil that has been fostered by the indifference and ineptness of local government in our neighborhood recently. Next door to our newly named Bishop Dingman Home is a very large, near mansion type, Victorian house that some years back was a place of beauty. In the 1960's and 70's as wealthy whites abandoned the neighborhood the market value of the house dropped. Seeing a good bargain, an absentee owner picked it up, chopped it into a number of apartments and crowded low income families into it. In recent years it was occupied by Southeast Asian families who were desperate for housing. Most of these people were known to us at the Catholic Worker House and they were law-abiding, hardworking people, trying to get a start in this country.

But there were problems: There was overcrowding and the landlord did little to maintain the property up to standards for city approved occupancy. He also failed to pay taxes. Local government had a responsibility to help resolve these problems but this is how they did it. The renters were evicted. The property was condemned by the City and was finally taken by the County for back taxes.

If the private owner did a poor job of property management the new owner -- the County -- has done amazingly worse. The house sat abandoned and unposted and almost immediately became a headquarters for small time drug pushers, pimps and addicts looking for a spot to hang out and get high. The building itself has been virtually demolished and sits there as a giant eyesore in the neighborhood.

In the meantime, organized crime gangs that have moved into the city quickly spotted this location as a good place to transact their business of drug dealing, since no one in officialdom seemed to care what happened here. Now the organized crime group has driven out the amateurs and we have such an influx of dedicated criminals -- suppliers and buyers of drugs and sex -- that neighborhood residents, old and young, are saddled with fear to add to the rest of their problems.

Like Pontius Pilate, local government officialdom did not plan to unleash evil in our neighborhood, they just didn't do anything to promote good. Their insensitivity and indifference has caused a manageable problem to become infinitely worse. The unintended consequences of their earlier misaction and inaction virtually paved the way for the influx of organized crime activity that we have.

Situations like this are repeated over and over in our neighborhood and help drain the energies of Catholic Worker staff, guests and neighbors. When your street is full of drug users and pushers the potential danger in every incident is magnified. If a toddler is out of your sight for just a minute, you tend to panic. Every unusual noise in the house and yard raises your anxiety level. Who needs it, especially in a neighborhood already overburdened with poverty and its attendant problems?

Though I am no longer a member of the Catholic Worker staff I firmly believe in what the Catholic Worker tries to do and I want to support its goals and the staff, who help us all focus on those goals. I intend to help out in practical ways like building maintenance, doing hospitality shifts, house laundry, etc. etc. and would strongly urge others to invest some time in the Catholic Worker effort doing like things on a regular, volunteer basis. The tasks are endless.

Not everyone is in a position or is cut out to be a Catholic Worker staff member. More than one well intentioned person has sampled this type of life and found they

were immobilized, being constantly surrounded by problems and demands for which we have no answers. But anyone who shares a belief in Catholic Worker ideals can be part of the Catholic Worker extended community and participate in activities ranging from civil disobedience to sorting over ripe produce at the food store as a step in pursuing these goals.



I'm free now of the pressures that staff face on a day to day basis but I know what they contend with and could readily present a "litany of woes" that they simply take in stride without thinking much about it. But they want and need help from people like you and me. Give it, as best you can.

As for me, in my new found leisure, I have been wanting for some time to help out in the Habitat housing program for low income families and also try to develop a co-op housing program for single, low income people who live alone, often in a rented room. I am entertaining some vague idea that a way can be found where such people could pool their limited resources and through a collective effort secure a home of their own.

But my heart and part of my mind and body remain with the Catholic Worker. I hope to see you around.

The Catholic Worker is a group of individuals living together in community and working together in pursuit of common goals of peace and justice. In our life together we are trying to live out the Biblical mandate to love one another, and so our houses are open to anyone in need, to stay on a temporary or occasionally a longterm basis.

The Catholic Worker is not a tax exempt organization. Members work as unpaid volunteers, receiving only room and board for our work. We neither seek nor accept government or foundation moneys of any kind, choosing to depend on gifts from our extended community who give at a personal sacrifice. In our refusal to conform to organizational structures, we affirm the responsibility of all to assume personal responsibility for those in need and for the problems facing us all in the world. We invite all to join us in whatever way you can.

# DEALING WITH DRUGS

All of us have been going through a lot of changes lately trying to come to grips with the arrival of concentrated drug dealing and gang activity here in our neighborhood. Since I have been here at least this neighborhood has been a place where the well-to-do came looking for prostitutes, and we have always had a fair share of folks messed up on drugs and alcohol and occasionally violent. Those things go along with being a poor and neglected neighborhood. We probably didn't do that great of a job but we did know those folks and tried to help them out as best we could, and we had relationships with a lot of them. It was easy to understand the connection between their misery and the poverty and neglect they had to live with.

Since the gangs came in things have changed completely around here. Almost all the folks who used to work the street and who used to be messed up in it are gone, and a new, well-organized group of people has moved in. Dealers and prostitutes stroll the street around the clock and their clientele accost you practically every time you walk down the sidewalk, assuming that whatever they see is for sale. That goes for kids on roller skates and mothers walking their kids home from school.

We are really having a hard time trying to oppose the evil which is going on around us while not condemning the people who are doing it or cutting off those who might need our help to make a break from it.

I am a person who is often angry and I think it's just fine to be angry when you see people being exploited. Yet now I know that so much of my own anger is coming from frustration, fear, and feeling helpless. I am really angry that poor people are doing the exploiting, since I know they are victims themselves. I am really angry that my own children, and the children of the poor and powerless who live here, are in jeopardy. And I really can't even think of those invisible rich people who are making the real money off drugs, or the powerful who allow a poor neighborhood to become a sacrifice zone, or the well-to-do men who come through here looking for some action as being human. I know they are all children of God. But when I see them or think about them I just hate them.

Anyway this has been a hard time for me as well as for us as a community trying to figure out where we should stand in the whole thing. For me there is a lot of pain in becoming so aware of my spiritual limitations. I am realizing how much I need to hear those messages of love that fill the Gospel and how necessary it is to keep trying to look at all people through the eyes of God, who sends rain on the good and the evil.

By Wendy Bobbitt

## RECLAIMING THE NEIGHBORHOOD

On October 1st the abandoned house next to Bishop Dingman Home (the new house) was boarded up as part of a block party on Seventh Street between Forest and Indiana. Most of the neighbors turned out for a day of games and fun in the street, pinatas for the kids, a barbecue, and boarding up the house which has become a symbol of the problems afflicting our neighborhood recently. For several months it has been used as a crack house.

We've been working with some of the neighbors to take back the neighborhood, and the block party was really a sign of hope for everyone. It was a chance for everyone to meet each other and for those of us who have been meeting together for several weeks to get

A friend of mine lives on the streets and works on the street corners of Des Moines. She works selling her body; she has a habit. She is a drug user and prostitute, but when I look her in the eyes her painted face has never seemed contorted or diabolical--just sad and hopeless.

She stayed with us before gangs began moving in on Seventh Street.

It is hard to mark the time when the words "Seventh Street"

took on the ominous quality they now possess. The street has been transformed into more than just a place. It has become a symbol for the drugs devouring the neighborhood I live in. Those two words have become a symbol for my powerlessness. A symbol for my fear. But as Seventh Street becomes more than a place, the people who walk that street become less than human. They too become symbols of my fear and helplessness. When I see them I am afraid.

That fear is nameless and faceless.

The other day another woman came into the house. I knew her face, but only from a distance -- the distance from the porch of Bishop Dingman House to Seventh Street. I had prepared myself to dislike her, even to hate her, but I didn't, and now I never can.

to know each other. Coming out publicly to reclaim the street, complete with huge signs reading "WE WANT DRUGS OUT OF OUR NEIGHBORHOOD" and "WE WANT A SAFE ENVIRONMENT FOR OUR KIDS" did a lot to help all overcome our fear. We boarded up the house, cut down all the young trees and overgrowth around it, and painted "THIS AREA NEEDS JOBS NOT DRUGS" and other messages across the front of the house. We really feel excited about this first step and hope it will help strengthen our neighborhood to deal with these problems and the many others faced by folks here.



Distance changes things. It changes a woman into a thing to be hated and Distance makes it easy to hate. It causes me to be angry at myself for allowing me to turn my anger into fear and action.

It's hard to know how to reach out to people who make you angry. It's impossible to reach out to people who are strangers you've grown afraid of.

Being afraid of gangs and drug dealers is no means an irrational fear. They are not apart a nice neighborhood, or they are not you apart. Gangs and drugs are dangerous. That is a message that Bush's war on drugs will make sure we never forget. As long as that's all we remember about people on Seventh Street, and all about a nation, who are joining gangs and hooked on the drugs they sell we are going to forget everything except the number for the police. We will forget the poor person who sells drugs is a society has forced to sell drugs for survival and enticed to do drugs for emotional escape. We will forget the people in more prisons doing longer isn't the answer. We will forget to find different answers which come from us and demand that we take personal responsibility.

By Carol Phillips



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# THAMES RIVER PLOWSHARES

News has reached us of a recent Plowshares action, breaking the long abstinence since the Nuclear Navy Plowshares. The following is taken from a mailing sent to us by the Thames River Plowshares: "Early Monday morning, September 4th, seven disarmament activists swam and canoed up the Thames River to the USS Pennsylvania Trident submarine, docked at the Naval Underwater Systems Center (NUSC) in New London, Ct. They enfleshed the Old Testament mandate to "beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks." (Isaiah 2:4) They hammered and poured blood on the Trident, and offered statements to NUSC security.

"Concurrent with this action, a 96 foot-long banner was dropped over the Gold Star Bridge in New London, proclaiming, Trident is the Crime."

"Jackie Allen...Kathy Boylan...Sister Anne Montgomery...and Homer White...swam to the Trident. In full view of armed security, Jackie and Kathy hammered, poured blood and carved the word 'death' on the side of the Trident near the conning tower, while Anne was detained at the Trident dock. After thirty minutes Jackie and Kathy were fire-hosed before being taken into custody by the Coast Guard.

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How does it feel when the front page of The Des Moines Register strikes a personal note? What do you do when concrete facts tell you that we live under a false democracy, that the mass media is wrong, that the government is lying, that the story we hear has been manipulated, edited and falsified in order to serve the self-interest of those who provide it?

I spent three years in Colombia. When you read the headlines and names of victims of the latest violence, you realize that it's terrible, but I look at the name and desperately search my memory. Do I know him? What REALLY happened to Luis Carlos Galan, the leading presidential candidate? I think, and remember...Yes, the chief of a Swedish construction firm that was building a Colombian Navy base really DID casually mention to me that the United States was planning on building a canal through northern Colombia when the Panama canal zone is nationalized...and things start to fit together and form a picture which is too terrifying to fathom.

The word in the streets of Cali, Colombia, is that Luis Carlos Galan was assassinated by the CIA. Whether or not this is the case we will never know. Jim, a friend in California who quit a high-level position with the CIA when he realized their immorality, told me that every CIA covert action must be totally deniable. No matter what, it did further promote US interests, on several fronts.

First of all, Shell Oil owns a massive, recently discovered oil field in northeastern Colombia. There are possibly billions of dollars in profits tied up in this find for Shell. Galan mentioned nationalizing many Colombian industries. ITT and the CIA financed a coup in Chile. This was documented during Senate hearings. Is it really that far-fetched that Shell, fearing the loss of this land, might try to get help in ridding Colombia of this great threat to their interests?

The great majority of Colombians are furious about the prospect of the direct

"After spending the night in three area jails, the seven were taken to Hartford Federal Court on September 5. They have initially been charged with two misdemeanor counts: (1) entering a military or naval reservation (maximum sentence = 6 months and \$500 fine), and (2) damage to government property (maximum sentence = 1 year and \$1,000 fine). They were released on a written promise to appear, and will be arraigned within the next two weeks."

For me, and I think for everyone here, this news is received with much joy and also sadness as we are led to question our own willingness to place ourselves at risk. Please join us in expressing thanks for the faith and courage of the Thames River Plowshares.

For additional information contact the Thames River Plowshares Support Committee, P.O. Box 10141, Elmwood CT 06110.

## The State Department's Deadly Diplomacy

By Dan Werner

involvement of US military personnel in their affairs. Why? Bush's war on drugs has been fought only on the supply side of the problem. A crack addict in Washington, DC, told a friend last year that there was a two-year waiting list even to get into a drug rehabilitation program. Could the international "war" on drugs actually serve another purpose?

This brings me back to another reason why the assassination of Galan benefited the US. Just hours after the killing, the State Department condemned this horrible act on the part of the drug mafia. Within a few weeks we, at the demand side of the drug problem, had more than doubled Colombian military and sent military advisors and arms. We now have a military foothold in the country.

This would not stand out in my mind were it not for that casual comment about the canal. Might the war on drugs actually be an attempt to assure that the Colombian government remain clearly and staunchly pro-US, so that when the canal need be built this can happen without opposition and under our jurisdiction?

I have asked many questions, given few answers. The answers will eventually come. The answers might have come from the HECUA study abroad program in Bogota, had it not been canceled. I must say, though, that all it seems I can do in this seemingly hopeless situation is fear for our lives and wellbeing in the light of this secret diplomacy, and especially for the lives of my Colombian friends.

We act in concert with brothers & sisters all across the world who struggle for peace, justice, & democracy. We act in solidarity with plowshares activists imprisoned for enfleshing the Old Testament mandate...

"and they shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks. Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, nor shall they train for war again."

Isaiah 2:4



Our fellow Catholic Workers got a real taste of what life is like here at the Des Moines Worker when we took six of our community kids to the Midwestern Regional Retreat at Sugar Creek, IA. All during the Saturday morning meeting you could hear the chaotic shrieking of the kids tearing around the basement. It's too bad that the other five were unable to go, but we were afraid they would bring the house down. All those kids that went had a great time. Carmela from the Milwaukee house taught the kids some great songs (which they still sing) for the best skit contest; there was plenty of space for them to run, bunkbeds, a pool table, and it all ended with a bonfire and marshmallow roast. We all had a fun time.

This was the first summer here at the Des Moines Worker that there were more kids than adults living in the community. We have 11 kids here and when you add the children of our guests, you're talking about A LOT of kids. It takes a lot of energy to keep up. Helping out with the kids has become an urgent volunteer need. We've had some good people and even some youth groups come and lend a hand.

Father Frank, though, earned a special place in the kids' hearts when he hosted our 6 boys, (and Carla and Barry) for a week of vacation Bible school. They had Bible school in the morning, swimming and farm visits (with horses!) in the afternoon. It was a great time for the boys, and now when Frank comes to visit, he gets a warm reception.

The kids went to school two weeks ago and it seems that they were all looking forward to going. Julius ("Nook") is going to school for the first time and has surprised us all by getting a two week good behavior award. Luke is in first grade which is his first taste of going to school all day every day. He came home once at lunch time to play Nintendo. It's one of those happenings that seem so bad when they happen but pretty funny looking back on it. He comes home with a pretty big roll of papers and they all look well done.

## coping with crisis at the CW

By Carla Dawson

When people come to the CW it's like they are dazed. They have a far away look about them. They're not sure what will become of their family or themselves. They want someone to tell them life will be better. We can not promise that it will be better but we can give them hope. And hope is what most people need.

After a few days, if people stay that long, you see the far away look less often in their faces. And you have hope that things might change for them.

There are many daily crises at the CW. The main things are getting people the help they need, be it just someone to talk to, or signing up for ADC, getting a job, finding medical treatment, and getting permanent housing.



# kids' news

By Kay Mc



THE LOGAN INVASION FORCE SETS OUT

Kenna, Jann, and Kary are doing their schoolwork mornings at Ligutti Library. The Des Moines school system has a home-school program, and has provided all the books and a home visiting teacher who comes once a week. So far it's been a good experience for all. Kenna has written some nice poems and stories; Jann's penmanship has improved 100%, and Kary is very ambitiously trying to keep up.

Fernando, Omar and Nora got a nice surprise this summer when their cousin, Dolores, and their aunt, Josefina, moved in with their family. Dolores is 11 and she is learning English very quickly. The first thing she learned was how to ride a bike, which is something that all the kids do, and seems more important than talking.

The kids I haven't mentioned yet: Joshua, now 3 months, and Katie, who turned 3. It was a big birthday, and we can't get over the fact that 3 year olds have tantrums. She has really grown this summer. It's really great to watch Joshua grow up. At our meeting today was lying on his blanket, and for those who have had children, it was so easy to how quickly time would pass; soon he was crawling. Then standing at the chair those wobbly legs, and soon after he out the door and on his way to his own

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By Hazen

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## farewell note

Dear Friends,

This is a farewell of sorts. After months of indecision I have decided the time for me to move on from the Catholic Worker, but not from Des Moines. I will be moving into my own apartment this week.

For many reasons I have decided it was time for me to leave town. I enjoy involvement at church and with many other groups I am involved in here. I also have many friends I would hate to leave. The years at the Catholic Worker have been challenging and have changed my perspective on life in the US. I know what I have learned here will stay with me for a long time. My new address is 1059-27th St Apt. 1, Des Moines, IA 50311. I soon plan to have a phone.

Peace,  
Patti McKee

# letter from Frank

By Frank Cordaro

Dear Catholic Worker folks,

I think it's great you are naming your new house after Bishop Dingman. I cannot think of a better person to honor in this way. Bishop Dingman is one of the people most responsible for getting the Catholic Worker started in Des Moines. He has been one of the Des Moines Catholic Worker's strongest and most loyal supporters.

It was while I was staying with the Bishop during the January term of my second year of seminary that I read William Miller's book, *A HARSH AND DREADFUL LOVE*, a history of the Catholic Worker movement. I was excited about what I read and asked Bishop Dingman if he had ever heard of Dorothy Day and the Catholic Worker movement. I remember his face lighting up and smiling when I mentioned Dorothy's name. The Bishop knew all about her. He told me she was a great woman and a gift to the Church. I decided right then and there to spend my next summer break at the nearest Catholic Worker house.

## catholic worker history

By Hazen Ordway

In 1932 Dorothy Day covered a hunger march on Washington DC organized by American communists.

Dorothy had been active a good part of her life in fighting for justice, including women's right to vote, but mostly for the rights of workers to a fair wage and healthy working conditions. At this time, however, Dorothy was a convert to Catholicism, and was covering the hunger march for two Catholic publications, *Commonweal*, a lay weekly, and *America*, a Jesuit weekly.

On December 8th of that year, the feast of the Immaculate Conception, she went to the Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, then being built at Catholic University, to pray that she might know what she could do as a Catholic for the hungry in the U.S. Mary, the Immaculate Conception, is the patroness of the U.S.

When Dorothy arrived back in New York, where she was living, Peter Maurin, a Catholic peasant from southern France, was waiting for her. Peter had been sent to meet Dorothy by a priest who recommended he see her about spreading Peter's ideas on the social teachings of the church. Peter was educated by the Christian Brothers of France and had been active in social work in France. He came to this country through Canada, where he had started a homestead. After his partner was killed in a hunting accident, he came to the U.S.

The nearest Catholic Worker community was in Davenport, Iowa. I had no trouble getting permission from Bishop Dingman. Davenport was his home diocese. I had a great summer in Davenport. I met Dorothy Day and fell in love with the movement. That fall I also fell in love with Jacque Dickey. In the winter I met Joe Davia. In the spring I dropped out of seminary and in the summer of 1976 I helped start the Des Moines Catholic Worker with Joe Davia. In all of this we had Bishop Dingman's blessing and approval.

In one sense we were an easy group to please for the Bishop. We never asked for any official Church ties. Our work did not depend on the Bishop's purse strings. We simply asked for the Bishop's blessings for our work with the poor and his continued guidance and spiritual leadership. This was a very liberating experience for both the Bishop and the Catholic Workers.

The Bishop was generous with his time and his possessions. He was a frequent guest at our houses. He blessed the first three houses. He celebrated Mass at our home at least twice a year. I'll never forget the time the Bishop confirmed Brent Vanderlinden at one of our Friday night masses. I was not there. I was in jail. Everyone told me that it was a great service. Brent took 'Frank' as his Confirmation name and the Bishop made the connection between the sacrament of Confirmation and the need to witness for peace and justice today. After the Mass Rev. Chet Guinn, the United Methodist Des Moines Urban minister came up to the bishop and told him that he had confirmed Brent when Brent was in high school back in Perry, Iowa. Bishop Dingman leaned over to Chet and said, "Well...I hope it takes this time." The Bishop had a great sense of humor.

Peter was interested in putting the teachings of the church into practice. His expressed his central idea in the phrase Cult, by which he meant spirituality, Culture, and Cultivation.

On May 1st, 1933, Peter and Dorothy published the first issue of the Catholic Worker paper, which stressed the social teachings of the church as contained in two encyclicals: "Rerum Novarum" (of new things) by Pope Leo XIII, and "Quadragesimo Anno" (forty years after), by Pope Pius XI.

From a store front office on Fifteenth Street in New York, their hospitality work started by offering a man a cup of coffee, and has grown to include the Catholic Worker here in Des Moines, one of over a hundred in this country.

In 1936 I was on Maryfarm, the first Catholic Worker farming community. Msgr. Ligutti had read the Catholic Worker paper and came to Easton, PA to visit, to see what the Catholic Worker farm community was all about.

I also remember the year we hosted the Midwest Catholic Worker Retreat. The Bishop let us use his fancy big house south of Grand. (Bishop Dingman soon after sold his big house south of Grand and moved into our neighborhood sharing a house with an Asian family.) Can you imagine about 40 Catholic Worker types taking over a house that was more like a mansion? The high point of the weekend was the party on Saturday night when Margaret Quigley dressed up like Mother Teresa and someone found one of Bishop Dingman's old mittens and played the Pope for one of the skits. It brought the house down!

Through the years, Bishop Dingman would get a lot of complaints about the Catholic Workers. Many people didn't like our public stands on peace and justice issues. Lots of Catholics were scandalized by our acts of civil disobedience and they let the Bishop know it. Bishop Dingman never wavered from his support of us and our work. Sometimes criticism about the Catholic Workers came from unlikely places. During one of our particularly rough community times, a member of the community wrote to Bishop Dingman accusing me of many improprieties. I was embarrassed by the letter and went to discuss it with the Bishop. Bishop Dingman assured me I still had his confidence and that it would take more than one letter for him to be overly concerned. Then he told me not to feel bad, that people wrote letters about him all the time. In fact, he had received several such letters from the same person who wrote to him about me.

Last month marked the 13th year of the Des Moines Catholic Worker's existence. You do our tradition justice by naming your newest house after Bishop Dingman. Like Msgr. Ligutti for whom we named our second house, Bishop Dingman has earned a place in the hearts of all Catholic Workers. Good luck in your efforts to complete work on this newest hospitality house. With a name like "Dingman" to live up to, it has a great future to look forward to!

He returned to Iowa and started farmers' cooperatives at Granger and then got involved in state, national, and international rural life problems, ending as the "pope's country agent" under three popes, Pius XII, John XXIII, and Paul VI.

Today we Catholic Workers have Ligutti House, which is a library for peace and justice as well as a House of Hospitality, where I live presently.



CAROL AND KAY WORKING ON THE NEW HOUSE -- THERE'S STILL PLENTY OF WORK LEFT BUT WE'RE GETTING THERE!

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